

# LAOĈRA DÚĈAIS EOLAIS DAEHRA HA hErend

Hereditary Warriors of  
Knowledge of the Irish  
Nation

Ollamh Brían Mac Áon Innéiršce  
Dámsgoil Neamhachais HA hErend

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# Words Eternal

The energy is gone  
The energy of life, departed  
But you live on  
Your words tumble through space  
and time  
To their eternal reality

for Seamus

# My Island Heaven

I came in exhausted  
Eight weeks traveling in Kerry  
Talking, always talking  
Walking, always walking  
A pint or two, too  
Changed by mountains  
People  
Memories  
Seeking a view  
Seeking to renew my faith  
Nothing major happened  
No light  
No bolt of thunder  
But I spoke to the Gods  
And they answered  
It was apparent from the people I met  
They flocked to my friendliness  
My loneliness evaporated in the searing heat  
I needed to go in to rest  
As I sat at the table beside the shop  
Niall said, a vision  
I knew I was home  
I don't question the island's welcome  
I welcome the welcome  
Then with Sally up to camp  
Great wind shaded spot  
Overlooking the South harbour  
Down to Cotters for dinner  
I don't eat chicken, I said to Sam  
Beautiful Thai stir fry, served by Steve  
Welcomed by Charles and Mary-Anne  
She was looking for her poem  
About the lady who never saw snow  
I wrote another quick ditty  
For she is travelling

Not great, as I had had a drink  
I don't like writing after a drink  
English anyway, computers too  
But Irish, well that's another thing  
The flow seems to be nurtured by a slow pint  
Stout mind you, no spirits  
They upset my spirit  
Then the birthday lady came in  
Mary-Anne, another Mary-Anne  
    celebrating eighty seven years  
Another birthday lady  
I offered a song  
And it was gratefully received  
Then a long chat about life  
I love this place  
Home again in Heaven

# The Bliss of Life

A complicated dictionary  
The book of life  
Limited knowledge makes it seem  
Hard  
Hard to fathom  
Hard to know  
But when we stop judging  
When we just accept our role  
Then all seems to flow  
People act with friendliness  
A few little thorns too  
But that just shows  
We still have a way to go  
Different perspectives are normal  
As we live in a world of diversity  
Held together by a universal unity  
To know that, is the trick  
The cosmic joke played on us by God  
He creates us in his image  
But we must do a little work  
To gain his perception  
Then all dissolves in bliss



## bean ó Cléire

Conaíć mé í aḡ dul isteać don ollmargad  
bean ḡáiread le fuinneam in a ćos  
Ḑabairć a deirćear liom ḡurb ḑamśaí í  
ḡhóćaí í, i ḡconáí  
Ḑ'fanas i a ćiḡ am Samain  
An teać a fedaćaint amad ar an Carraiḡ Aonar  
Soilse a lasad i rić na hóice  
Fearadć ćar an tsáile  
A coiméad súil ar na mbád  
Súil táisiúl criuíl  
Mar an bean féin  
Curam ar cuile

do Eleanore

## Ring to Change

The bell chimes but no one listens  
Not like the old days  
flurry of movement to remind us  
Of his sacrifice  
But I questioned that  
Why have such focus on pain?  
What do we hope to gain by celebrating suffering  
Remembering the thorns in our heart  
We all have thorns we must accept  
We all have bliss to acknowledge  
hen we can lead a balanced life  
Then we can resolve  
Our souls to evolve

## Treasured Life

I'm still in heaven  
I seem to have caught a little piece of it  
And it glows in my heart  
Thank's Dad for your advice  
To turn my head away from the wall  
And see true reality  
Around me there is no apparent change  
But I have changed  
Or have I  
My heart is lighter  
My eyes are brighter  
People say that to me  
I know that my long search is over  
I have found the four leaf clover  
Somehow I got to the end of the rainbow  
Multicolours combined in brilliant white  
Life is such a pleasure,  
the true treasure

## Time to Move

I seem to become restless  
Anxious to move on  
To talk more, to walk more  
To meet and greet  
New folks  
Anxious not to lose the change  
Wrought in me  
Am I really free

## Fir na gCloch

Ar dtús do b siar as Cé Breatnacháin  
A cuailas é  
Scéal fada faoi tosaíl  
Cloch a roghnú  
Don áit ceart  
Casúr laidir cun é a briseadh  
Ansan amach ar Óileáin Cléire  
Soir ón tséipéil as crossbóchar  
Fear a tosaíl falla  
Fear a cur caint orm  
Páidriš  
Níor cuimín liom é as an am  
Ach bíomar le céille char le ar  
Tuas arís i gCiarráide  
Buailéas le Aindreas ó Dún Éidín  
Fear cloch is aistearóir ab é  
Ansan do Cinn Mara don lá lonach  
Ar chóir n fear a buailéas leis an blían roime  
Ní easaigh sé don lonach a daibairt siad liom  
San tabairne a bíos an  
Níl fíos asam an é Ó Murcú no Ó Mačuna é  
Tá na dá ainm char an doras  
Buailéas leis ar deireadh  
Bí an caint eadráinn arís  
Caint faoi a dearcár a cailleadh  
Caint faoi a ačar is a mačar  
Is léir go bfuil an grá aise cuibh  
Caint faoi cloch arís  
Fear cloch eile

## A Jolly Breakfast

Off the early boat feeling afloat  
Time to break my fast  
Hoping to meet a German warrior  
The man who sheltered me from winter snow  
We met recently in Kerry, but  
He didn't have time to take  
My message  
The mountain man he called me  
We always complement each other  
At that time he brought me up  
To Mill an Morán  
I met and stayed with the  
Dutch Hindu priest  
A bit lost through sacred grass  
Wacky backy affects the personality  
No good if too much  
In to eat a simple fare  
Full Irish too much  
Just simple continental  
Two at the next table were healthy in their fare  
Weather talk about the day  
A sailing day for them  
Then I asked them to forecast  
Clearing later we can tack back through the islands  
I mentioned wednesday and the gathering of warriors  
Eoghan heard this  
His dog was looking for a rind  
He said continentals are not so kind  
I was going to mention Spike  
Where he trained as a warrior  
But held my tongue  
Everything paid for up to leave  
One of the men, the leader started his story  
Airplane driver on the skive in Haulbowline  
I swapped one of mine

My father's discovery of a Jack in the mess  
The others left but Finbarr stayed  
A story about Inchageela  
Mine about his trip into the side  
Or was it simply poteen  
Invited to sail but I have my own pale to carry  
But a possibility to walk the way of St. James  
Traditional route to Cape Finistere  
Then on to Santiago  
Will have to get a scallop shell  
And ring ring the bell of invincibility  
Return to the start of Amerisáins voyage  
And recite his incantation  
Have a proper continental breakfast  
    of Galician sausages

## Caint an Mairzað

Sačarn i Sciobairín  
Žan éine dom aičeanras an fós  
bean a seinnt an bfidil  
Cosc ar saint na scomlučt  
Caint leo faoi laocra eolais  
Solas i siúil daoib  
Canað amrán na Ríde  
Číos ansan do žiob žeab na fir  
Čac a súil  
Čeannač úl ó Miceáil  
Caint spreazað liom  
Fonn dom žaoluinne  
Čá Donnčaða anseo  
beid seans ašainne níos deanaí



## FRANCAÇ AN SCAPALL

Çuaiş Donnçaða ann le fonn siúil  
Áit iontaç şar na farraişe  
Čáiniş an francaç číos ón a neað  
Is mise rí an oileáin seo  
Is é mo ríocht é aşus ní maič liom  
Fir şaoluinne  
Is éireannaç saor mé a daðairt Donnçaða  
Aşus ní leat an şaineam ní leat an farraişe  
Ní leat an bóčar  
Tá mé cun siúil ar do ríocht  
Rič an francaç suas dá neað is fuair sé şunna mór  
Coimeád amac a daðairt sé  
'S féidtear liom deireað le Ó hAoða  
Ar deireað an lae buail sé isteaç san bpub  
Bí an sairsint ann a feičeam leis  
Fuair eas gearán fuaitse ó Sgoil Muires  
Rinne tú basart ar francaç an şcapall  
Caičfið mé caint leat faoi  
D'inis Donnçaða a scéal dó  
Daðairt sé leis faoi an şunna mór  
Rine sé cur síos faoi  
Ar deireað čiar čall čonaic arís é  
Şan ceadúnas bí é sciobča aş na şardaí  
Níos déanaí čuaiş sé síos don sgoill  
D'iafraiş de caičin a raib sé dul don capall arís  
An aoine  
Fan don domnaç beid muid in ann teacč leat  
Bí oçtó mbáid i dteannta leis nuair a bfilllead é  
Ansan d'éiriş an francaç as a ríocht  
Ar ais dá ríocht čar sáile  
Tánn capal saor anois  
Áit do saorainiş na hÉireann  
toilte do Donnçaða

## Ceoil na Rannóis

Óice ciúin áit iarscúlta  
An saol a séide tonn san farraise  
Asal a nite ar fud na hóice  
Na rannóis amac faoi bun na haill  
Slór uaigneac uaið  
Ar maidin síos don tráig bán  
Clann dóib baillite ar an callad  
A baint taitneamh ón grian  
Mé a leanúint acu  
Suim orm iontú  
Suim oraib ormsa  
Cairreadas an blascaoid

## Cuimín SÍORAÍ

Suas ón tobair téann an bóchar  
Bóchar glas ar teas an oileán  
Táir bair an aill feadaint amach  
Na Sceilliş ar bair na farraige  
Stopas cun miúin ciúin  
Sáim an oileán breá  
Daoine eactrainniş a teacht romham  
Cuairteoirí do oileán m'annam  
Síoraíocht an áit seo i lár mo croí  
Moctú mìn an réad  
A cuimín air táim ann fós  
Ríocht an neamh ar domhan

Is it

Is it its

Or is it it's

The possessive

And the verb

But what about

Plural it

That's a fact

We cannot have many it

Don't get me started about that

for Chuck

## The Presumption of Arrogance

They don't know what you're talking about  
He says, as he interrupts the flow  
The flow of bullshit becomes corrupted  
We lock horns briefly  
And then they leave  
My stories are a way to learn a little  
More than beer  
More than being  
Plamasy  
Ok, we all have our own perception of the world  
He leaves now  
Says a few words  
To restore  
Calm in the kingdom

## Play Day

A day, a day, we come to play  
A game of life  
To have our say  
Kerry and Dublin have their play  
A really close play  
We sit outside the LV  
The envy of those who pass  
Beautiful day  
Then we travel on  
To the Sin É  
Music for to play

## Walk On

In the room you sit and stew  
Problems of the past  
A quick repast recast in turgid language  
A book of blue hue is your guide  
But blue is the colour of sadness  
Light a little candle for gladness  
Light up your soul and assume the role  
Take up your bed and walk he said  
Take up you sack and walk I say  
Get out into the hills  
And see the beauty as it fills  
Your heart with grace  
Your mind with joy  
Your soul with Heaven's delight

## Selling Out

What is the name of this bridge  
He asks as cold as a fridge  
Oh! we don't use names here  
We number everything  
People, horses, dogs  
Roads to goad  
Europe wouldn't like it  
We have to take their filthy money  
Shen they already stole our fisheries  
They owe us millions of billions  
Their dirty money  
Eventually we'll sell the whole country  
That was the trick  
That Albert and Dick  
Got up to in Edinburg  
Was it six or seven billion  
One hell of a big brown envelope



## The Gain of Pain

Macroon is a nice friendly place  
But my heart fills with anger  
The manipulation of my family  
After my hero died  
Their petty interference in my life  
Sticking thorns in my heart  
Thy always bullied me  
Small minds with no grand designs  
But I woke up and refused to take any more  
They didn't expect that  
For I am the leader of the clan  
Just like Dad before me  
And Eoghan after me  
Being the leader means  
Standing out  
Standing firm  
Standing your ground  
    against all comers  
The anger lingers over Eoghan's  
First Communion with Him  
My family's manipulation of me  
Caused me no end of pain  
But there is a gain  
There is always a gain

## To Kingdom Come

The warriors are gathering to defend my kingdom  
Next year we shall destroy the old order  
That order of treasonous braggarts  
Brigands all who have robbed  
And lied  
And stolen  
Our freedom  
They are the remnants of colonial rule  
A tool for manipulation  
Of our nation  
Sated with constipation  
They can't even fart properly  
They blow wind out their arse  
And throw shit at our country  
I will deal with them  
As I already have  
Those civil administrators  
Who have absolutely no clue  
It is time for their re-education  
Into my knowledge

## A State of Failure

A poet dies and the world is deaf  
Manipulation of opinion broadcast  
Politicians with no power  
No power of true knowledge  
No compassion  
No passion for truth  
They do not exercise their duty  
They are deaf, dumb and blind  
Oh! so kind  
Pretty words from pretty suits  
Talking heads, jumping beds  
Being drip fed misinformation  
By American intelligence agencies  
They tried to turn me  
But I can see the future  
I can see a time when politics is dead  
And we all live free  
Free of the shackles of a failed republic  
They plan a big celebration  
The birth of a nation  
Now destroyed  
By a state in chaos  
No knowledge of dynamical systems  
Not one of these people has any scientific training  
No ability  
No will  
Yt still the media pay obeisance  
Bowling and scraping the shit off their boots  
Routes to ignorance  
The ignorance of failed education

## Foclóir Úr Maiš Cromta

Čanas isteac an  
beasán fearš orm faoim teallaiš  
An acraan a cručaiodar ionnamsa  
D'éis d'éas m'acra  
Córas cumarsáid ár d'teallaiš ar míre  
Scríos beasán leath dán  
An basart a cur uaim  
Glaos ar Máire is d'inis leí  
Scéal faoi céad comáin mo mac  
Mo deirfiúir a gao orm tar anseo  
    níl aon taisteal asainn  
Mar saigead im croí  
Dearmadta ocáid tabaict mo mac  
Ac cosnaíos a caint  
Istiš i Tiš Ó Duinnín  
Caidréil craic  
Daoine ón dúiche a cur failtiú orm  
leabhar an beata acóiríche asam

## Carrig Inn

Back in the door the poet comes  
Returning as promised to do his sums  
Calculating the miles he has travelled  
Cigarettes smoked to deepen his voice  
His voice cracked out on Cape  
Breaking down in to a lower register  
A pint of Beamish ordered he seeks a signal  
Coverage in this place patchy  
Despite all their telly hype  
He joins the banter at a canter  
Listens a while then relates  
His mid-winter escapade  
Deep in the wood to launch his  
Book of words  
Knowledge folded in rhyme and reason  
Not really the season, deep snow  
Ten below  
But he did as he said he would  
Now back to do another deed  
To gather warriors to fight greed  
But none in this house  
A welcome in to Carrig  
A bed too surrounded by snowmen  
He giggled all night at his luck  
Much better than Puck

do Séamus is Sínead

## Solas don Airm

Aghallam don Airm  
Tuas i mbleá Cliač  
Mise fearḡac  
m'Ácar im ceanneta  
É a oilis mé conas suí  
Conas siúl  
Conas mo lám a cur orm glún  
Culač eadais cailte  
Nua culač ceannaithe liom mácar  
Isteac an doras  
Caočdor ina donar  
Bórd le seáctar a suí an  
Cairín ós dár comar  
Uib friocta ar ceann acu  
Ceist faoi an caoi a raib suim agham  
san eoláioct  
Reasart uaimse faoi an saol idir  
Forbairt eoláiocta 's acranh  
Molad ón fear dorcaða

## An Cúlaínn

Do bí an banríon ruaiðe  
A scríos an gruaiḡ ar scúl  
Na ḡael a cur cun d'éas  
Ma raib siad dílis don saol  
An port á caoinead é  
Ansan céadtaí níos déanaí  
Na fir ón tsín mar é  
Cooley a cústar orcu

do Caoimhín

## Where the Fuck are we Now

A time of trouble in the land  
Bands of brigands roaming  
Destroying the natural simplicity of the Irish  
Armed criminals emptied from English jails  
Pints of the stuff  
Guinness and milk  
Creating chaos in the name of  
    a Germanic British monarch  
Stories are told and retold  
But now politicians are so bold  
To plan to change history  
With their little correction  
Commemorate those black bastards  
And deny our heritage  
They painted the signs white  
But Oola defeated them  
They were lost inside the beautiful  
    place names of Ireland

do Séamus Ó Cuinneagáin



## Guardians of Arrogance

Early morning crime to relate  
A cyber crime of hacking  
Three guards packing their arrogant posture  
Two corner boys and one corner girl  
Paid to lounge around  
To scrounge for something to do  
A question of how to report  
Oh! look it up on the internet  
Said rather dismissively  
In other words, would you ever fuck off  
Excuse me I am reporting a crime  
Do not dismiss me like that  
Then the little bitch pipes  
You are causing a disturbance  
    I will arrest you  
When you address me you call me sir  
I outrank you  
I am a military intelligence officer  
In deep cover  
A little bit of research into the  
    arrogance brought by that  
American bitch  
I'll deal with that in my own time

## Cean a bí

Ar deireadh an lá bí mé caillte  
Scoilte óm corp  
Fós in ann smaoineam  
San caint aзам mar mo suć briste  
Radairc alainn ós mo comar  
Cos iontać mhá  
Táim a feadaint suas anois  
Arn tor a mbíonn muid go léir á cóir

## Siúl Siar an mBlascaóid

Ćiar síos an oileáin ċuas arís  
Mé beartaíte fanaċt don óċe  
Ćuas, ċuas ċar bár an chócán mór  
A suí ar bár an aill  
Ansan arís ċar bár chóc eile  
A feaċaint ar an maiš  
An ċíreaċt díreaċ ós mo comhar  
A sú amaċ ón farraige  
Síos an cosán dtí an cloċán  
Mo málá curċa an  
Amaċ ansan so sairead le deiread an oileáin  
Inis na mBró le háile áirċ  
Šan féidearaċt a beit an  
Inis an mÍceáil siar ċeas ó šin  
Tearmann an ċaoiseaċ saidí

## Shatter the Force of Corruption

A life of crime is what you do  
Limited intelligence wrapped up in a suit  
Posh nosh is your dosh  
As you sit to debate a failed state  
For failure is your only success  
Failing to tackle crime  
You mime rubbish  
You encourage arrogance through your  
    delicate words  
Your police are now a force of corruption  
They have corrupted the meaning of their name  
Guardians of peace, what bollocks

## Safe Food

You know  
Ye come along with ye're pretty words  
Wash your hands  
If you don't eat it freeze it  
And yet  
Our universities promote the  
    genetic modification  
Of our most precious resource  
You don't fuck with food  
Food is life

## Εολαί Scéaltaí

Ṫarla é so raiḃ caṫ ár na foḏlá  
Ṣar len ceantar seo  
Ṭánn dúcas beo fós  
le caint ó Séan  
Áit seandalaíocht  
Fuinneamh na scéaltaí á riṫ  
Ṭríḏ na dúicí  
Cuineamh fad téarmaḱ  
Faoi béal na nárḃ

do Séan Ó Caṫasaíḏ

## Ceilebreadh na hÉire

Ar dtús an lá cloiseann tú é  
Ceoil binne a ceiliuradh toisú  
Lá eile ar an áit a bhí ann seo  
Tá muid réidh le beith  
Ar eitilt feadh an lá  
A déanaim spraoí san áite  
Ní a bairiú cuilliú muid  
Ach a shí trídh an saol

## Bridging the Rock

The Mc Carthy's did it first  
They built a castle over it  
And then became kings of Munster  
Maybe the tolls did it  
But I know some of them  
And their beautiful people



## Get Out and Walk

The traditions of AA are designed to  
play a game  
If truth be told, sold out to concern  
No compassion, we must follow the rules  
Rules prescribed decades ago  
And sold to those who hold  
To the opinion  
That they suffer from an incurable disease  
This is just a mirage  
The language of the book so blue  
Encourages depression  
I say, get up  
Get out of the room and walk and talk  
No longer hide behind anonymity  
If you have a problem with drink  
Just get out and talk about it  
Like normal people  
Declaring yourself an alcoholic  
Is a shield  
Which will not protect you from life

## Fairy Gold

I need to breed the seed out of the greed  
You may think I'm mad  
Maybe a little sad  
Or bad, sometimes  
But I walk a lone road  
Tonight I'll sleep with the fairy's  
Maybe I'll find the pot of gold  
Who cares  
I'm the King of the Fairies

# The Battle of the Rock

On a summers night in 1920  
The boys did block the roads around  
With timber logs and wire a plenty  
The barracks to abound

Atop the roof the next door house  
They jumped across the one foot gap  
The dug a hole right through the roof  
The boys below to trap

For six long hours the battle raged  
With shots exchanged right through the night  
Then out there came a lonely sound  
Fiddling with great might

The boys inside put up a fight  
The fire burned through the roof  
To look for help they fired a light  
That glowed with passion in the sky

As dawn approached their job was done  
They moved away to hill and glen  
They hid their guns and found a spade  
And dug some spuds the battle made

Now in the village right by the Lee  
All is tranquil in history  
With castle large and bridge across  
The rock of Carraig an Droichead

a ballad

# We Travelled

chorus

Oh! we travelled to the land  
To this most beautiful island  
We have travelled all around  
And we have all come back to Ireland

We have left for foreign shores  
We have built the railways  
We cut corn and we cut cane  
And we sailed the rough seas

We have gone around the world  
Bringing knowledge in our voices  
We have lived in many places  
And made friends with many races

We have lived through troubled times  
Working hard to make our living  
And now we have the knowledge  
To resolve the state of war

We have graced this world with laughter  
Playing music from our soul  
Celebrating life's adventures  
And the nation of the sidhe

## The Cave of Television

They reflect a constructed life  
Strife designed to entertain  
No gain from that sort of pain  
Advertisements flicker in the darkness  
Using neurolinguistics to manipulate  
Manipulate you to part  
With money for trash  
Gradually the trash builds in the cave  
Fills your mind with turgid tragedy  
Until your head breaks open  
And you escape into the hills  
to find your soul

## The Two Chitoo

Dark wide eyes stare up in wonder  
Susie and Princess  
A pair of wonderful creatures  
Staring intensely at my grey beard  
They have beards too  
What a beauteous two

## Δη Ξiorra Cú Δρ Τόir Δη Ξiorra Ruaið

COR òlé, COR òlé, COR CASAÐ ΔΡ òlé  
Ní hé, ní hé, COR CASAÐ ΔΡ δ'eis  
Nac òfuil eolas AΣΑΤ ΣΟ òfuil  
CÀC BOČAR CÚ  
Δ òOR òlé  
Δ òfuil iad MAR Δη ΣCEANNA SA òFRainc  
Is iad Δ TIOMAINC ΔΡ òeis  
CAd FAOI CÚ FRANCAÇ  
Δη mbíonn iad ΔΡ ΤÓIR FRANCAÇ

## Τιomain Faoi Cúram Fíaoileasa

D'éis toastal na laoc  
Ćánamar amac ón coill draoúil  
Preab Concur isteać ar scúl  
Preab mé féin isteać cun tosaíś  
Ruś sí ġreim ar an roć  
'S ćosnaíomar ar ġluaiseaćć  
Amac an boćar ćiar ġo  
Carraíś  
Ní raib mé im donar  
    nī breać liom sin anois  
Bios lán sásta ġo raib an  
    teaśras faoi šeoil  
Istiś san tabairne  
Bí an dream a ćur ceist ćuśam  
Faoín óiće  
Faoín tóśra  
Faoín ġaisc a rinneamar  
Ansan beartaíś mé teiś leo  
Ćiar ġo Maiś Cromća  
Bí na boiće ciúin casta  
ba tiomainí mileata í  
Bíos sásta beić i a ġcuram  
Is doibinn curam ban laoc



## ΔΡ ΤΟΙΡ ΑΗ ΞΑΘΔΑΙΡ ΒΑΗ

ΤΑΡ ΔΡΟΙΜ ΗΑ ΣΛΕΙΒΤΕ ΤΑΗ COSΑΗ ΞΕΑΡ  
ΑΣ ΕΙΡΙ ΣΥΑΣ ΞΟ ΒΥΗ ΗΑ ΣΠΕΙΡ  
ΗΑ REALΤ ΑΜΑÇ ΞΑΗ SCAMALL ΑΗΗ  
ΔΡ ΣΕΙΛΞ ΕΟΛΑΣ ΔΟ ΒΙ ΜΟ ΦΟΗΗ

ΙΣΤΕΑÇ ΣΑΗ ΞΛΕΑΗΗ Α ÇΥΑΣ ΑΗΣΑΗ  
ΞΟ ΔΙΡΕΑÇ ΦΑΟΙΗ ΕΑΣ  
ΑΗ ΦΥΑΙΜ ΙΣ ΣΙΗΗΕ Ι ΞCORCAΙΞ  
Ε COÇROM ΡΟΙΗ ΑΗ ΤΕΑΣ

ΔΡ ΔΙΣ ΑΡΙΣ ΔΟ ΒΙΟΜΑΡ  
ΛΑΟÇΡΑ ΕΟΛΑΙΣ ΗΑ ΗΕΡΕΝΔ  
CΡΥΙΗΝΙÇΕ ÇΥΗ ΞΔΙΣC Α ΔΕΑΗΑΗΗ  
CONÇUR ΛΕΙΣ ΑΗ ΤΙΗΕ, ΦΙΟΔΟΙΛΕΑΣΑ  
ΛΕΙΣ ΑΗ ΒΟΘΡΑΗ

ΤΟΣΗΑΙΟΣ ΑΗ ÇΑΟΙΗΕΑΔ, ΜΑΛΛ ΦΑΟΙ ΜΑΛΛ  
ΗΑ ΜΙΛΤΕ ΒΛΙΗ Α ΣΡΕΑΒ ΑΜΑÇ  
ΗΑ ΣΙΔΕ ΤΑΣÇΑ ΞΟ ΔΤΙ ΑΗ ΡΙΔΕ  
ΑΗ ÇΙΥΙΗ ΑΞ ΕΙΡΙ

ΔΡ ΑΗ ΜΑΙΔΙΗ ΦΑΟΙ ΒΥΗ ΑΗ ÇΗΟΙÇ  
ΟΨΕΑÇΑΣ ΔΡ  
ΞΑΘΔΑΡ ΒΑΗ  
ΦΕΑΣΑΙΟÇΤ ΗΑ ΣΛΕΙΒΤΕ ΤΑΣÇΑ ΔΟΜ

## Back to School

Back again after twenty one years  
I walk down the road from the gap  
    in Mount Gabriel  
Singing that I'm back on the road  
A road I travelled  
Three days before  
Learning to mediate was  
A carefully thought out action  
Caution is good when selecting a new road  
I had gone up the mountain to ponder  
My mind was going here and yonder  
Do, do not, do, do not, do, do  
Do, won that time  
Thankfully  
As it was one of my best decisions  
Now twenty one years later  
I'm back in school again  
But this time as the master

## Focail Á Rič

Isteac arís im oileáin  
A scrí cúpla focail  
A moctú an glór  
Istiḡ im croid  
lān sásta liom turas amac  
‘s istig an síde  
Na laochraí a cruinniú  
San coill draoúil

Ar an maidin bíos a caint  
le tadh an óstán  
Faoi cuireadh a bfuair eas  
Scéalaíocht le Clann Mac Gearailt  
Níl morán eolas aḡam  
Faoi, ac tá scéal faoi  
Gearóid iar taoiseac  
Tá scéal amáin aḡam faoi asal  
Is uimhíocht i áit ḡar leis na hlnḡ  
Freisin faoi damhsaíocht i ḡCena  
Freisin faoi Ríde an Domáin  
Buail eas leis lá amáin  
Fuair eas treoir ó, an ḡobán a fáil  
Táid ḡo léir im béal  
Réid cun rič amac

## Neurolinguistic Story Teller

There's a man there you should talk with  
He's a story teller  
So I went and introduced myself  
To this little imp  
A devil with a hat  
I told him who I was  
But he didn't have the intelligence of a cat  
He started to play with words  
But he showed disrespect for my native tongue  
I lashed out and stung his tail  
I won't listen to his tale  
A pale reflection of honesty  
Later he tried his game with my friend  
Fuck off he was told you manipulative little prick  
Later we went to another place  
And told a tale or two  
He didn't know that the CIA tried this once  
But I represent the genius of Ireland  
The true Schrodinger's cat

## Αη βεαν ηαρ ƒαα Sηεαατα

Ćáiniš tú anseo roinnēt blian ó sin  
Ó ēeas an Aifric baile an caipín  
Ćuas ƒar leis na haill mór  
Áit a raib daoine na hlsealtír  
Ann ƒadó  
Áit iarǵúlta ƒarb ƒásac  
Ćáiniš tú ó caipín ƒo capín  
Bí ort do caipín a cur ort  
Nuair a cōnāic tú na caicēnī bán  
A titim ón spéir  
Cad seo a daḃairt tú  
Níor ƒaca mé sin riām  
An é sin arán ó neām  
Neadar a daḃairt sé leat  
Sin dandruff Dé

## Island University

The students gathered round  
To hear the master expound  
With stories unfolding with his tongue  
Laughter abounded with natural flare  
Their attention to ensnare  
He led them out from the cave of ignorance  
The prison of modern education  
To a new station  
A track of complete knowledge  
Cape Clear's island college

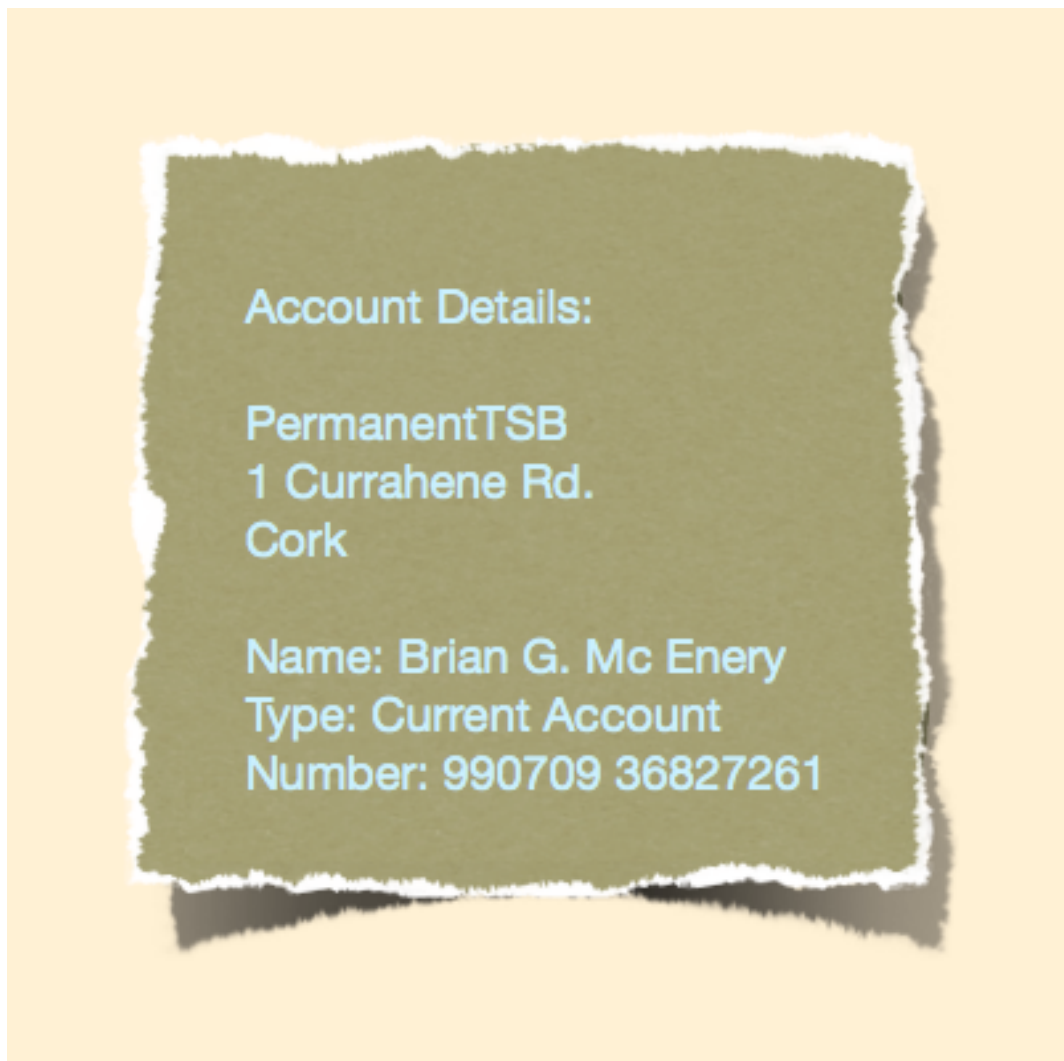
## I Met Him Personally

A day in July of nineteen ninety six  
I took up my bed and walked to the sticks  
The back of beyonds to break the bonds  
Of my own ignorance  
A dinner started the affair  
Rare steak served with Danish aplomb  
A man who knew how to bomb  
Led us deep in to a left footed mind  
A mind of a kind I did not like  
It raised my own emotions  
Notions tossed my heart  
I nearly had to fart  
But I realised what he was doing  
How he was sowing his language in our hearts  
Later as we emptied our bladders  
    we talked  
Briefly about striking hunger from our soul  
His role was to console  
I met him once again  
In my home town  
As I was about to  
Express the resolution

for David Irvine

Like all poets I am hungry and if you enjoy the poetry I would enjoy receiving a little something in return, as you know the poets very rarely get paid, at least in their own lifetime. You can make a contribution by lodging £5.00, €5.00, or \$5.00 to my current account.

You may also wish to contact me by email. You can do so at the following address. [briangmcenery@gmail.com](mailto:briangmcenery@gmail.com)



Thank you.

Brian



Bríán Sioirrise Máirtín Donnchaoise Fíoraileasa Cúroí Laochroíde  
Moš Roč Rámác  
Ollam Éalada Dúcais  
Ollam Éalada Dúchaireamháiocht Dočalta  
Ollam Éalada Easrú Fícéille  
Ollam Éalada Neamácáis  
Ceannasaí Dream na nDútoilreácta  
Ceannaire Laochra Dúcais Eolais na hErend  
Árd Stiúrtóir Ionad Sláiniú Formola  
Príom Óide Dámhsoil Neamácáis na hErend  
Rí Suaid na bFaíð  
Draoí an tDon-Flaič  
Rí na hErend



DRÍAN RÍDE DAONRACT NA hÉRENÐ